Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speede.

Porti a Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weele see our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habite,
that they shall thinke we are accomplished
vvith that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
vvhen we are both accoutered like young men,
ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and speake betweene the change of man and boy,
vvith a reede voyce, and turne two mincing steps
into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies sought my loue,
vvhich I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ile repent,
and wish for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,
that men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
aboue a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
vvhich I will practise.

Nerriss. Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a question's that,
if thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
vvhen I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
at the Parke gate; and therefore hast away,
for we must measure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good chere, for truly I thinke you are damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and

that

that is but a kinde of bastard
Iessica. And what hope is
Clowne. Marry you may
not, that you are not the Iew
Iessica. That were a kind
of my mother should be visi
Clowne. Truly then I fear
mother: thus when I shun
your mother; well, you are
Iessica. I shall be sau'd by
stian?
Clowne. Truly the more to
before, in as many as could
of Christians will raise the pr
eaters, we shall not shortly ha
Enter
Iessi. Ile tell my husband
Loren. I shall grow iealou
get my wife into corners?
Iessica. Nay, you neede no
out, he tells me flatly there's
I am a Iewes daughter: and
the common-wealth, for in
raise the price of porke.
Loren. I shall aunswere th
you can the getting vp of the
child by you *Launcelet*?
Clowne. It is much that
son: but if she be lesse then
then I tooke her for.
Loren. How euery foole
best grace of wit will shortly
commendable in none onely
prepare for dinner?
Clowne. That is done sir,
Loren. Goodly Lord wha
prepare dinner?